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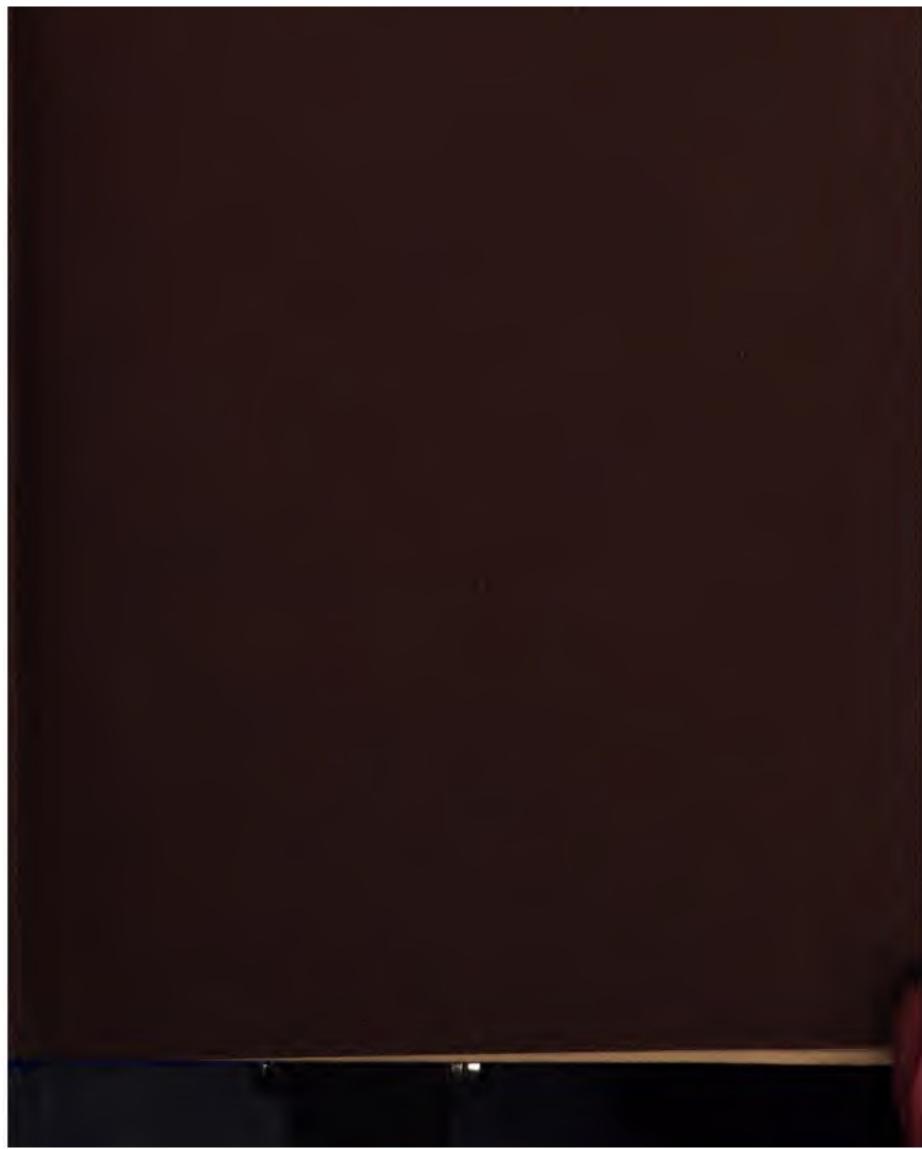
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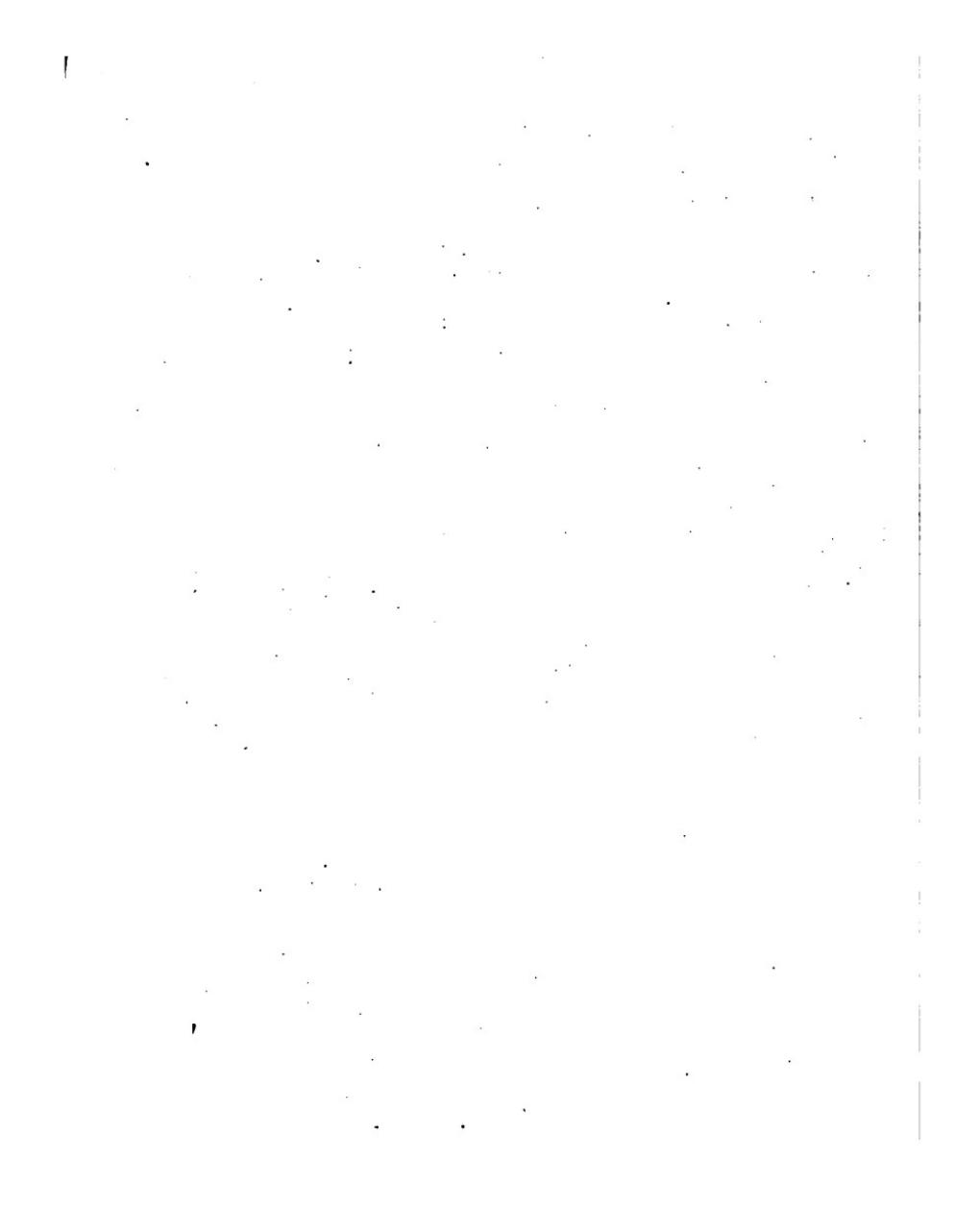


BY
E T A









J

ECHOES:

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH POETS,

WITH

SOME ORIGINAL VERSE,

BY

E T A.

*"Alas! I've been robbed!" "How I pity your grief!"—
"My verses are stolen!" "I pity the thief!"*

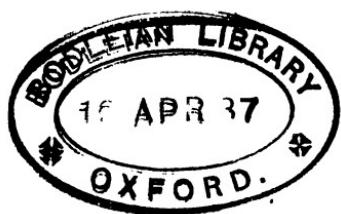
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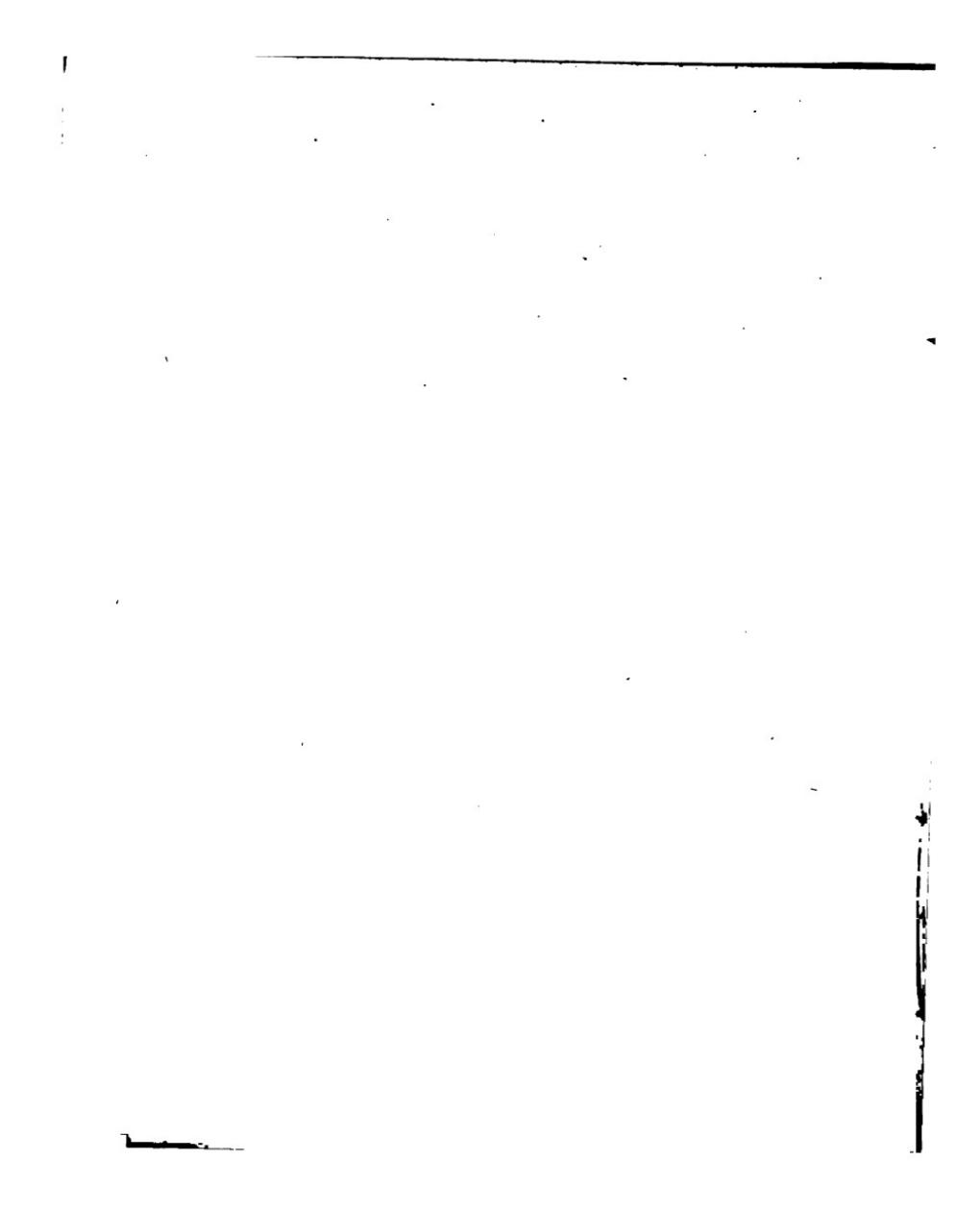
T. SHRIMPTON AND SON, BROAD STREET.

1875.

3957



TO MY HUSBAND.



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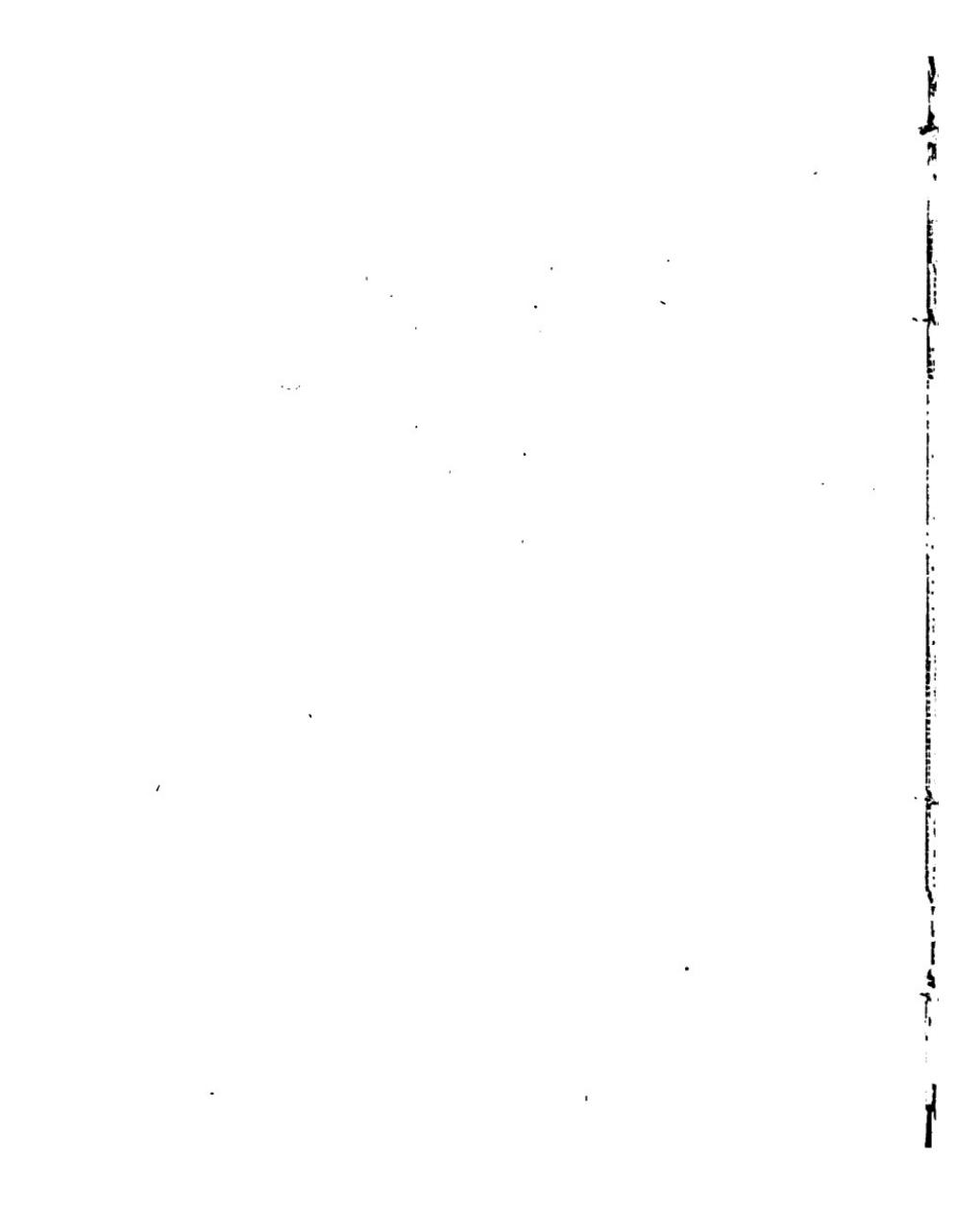
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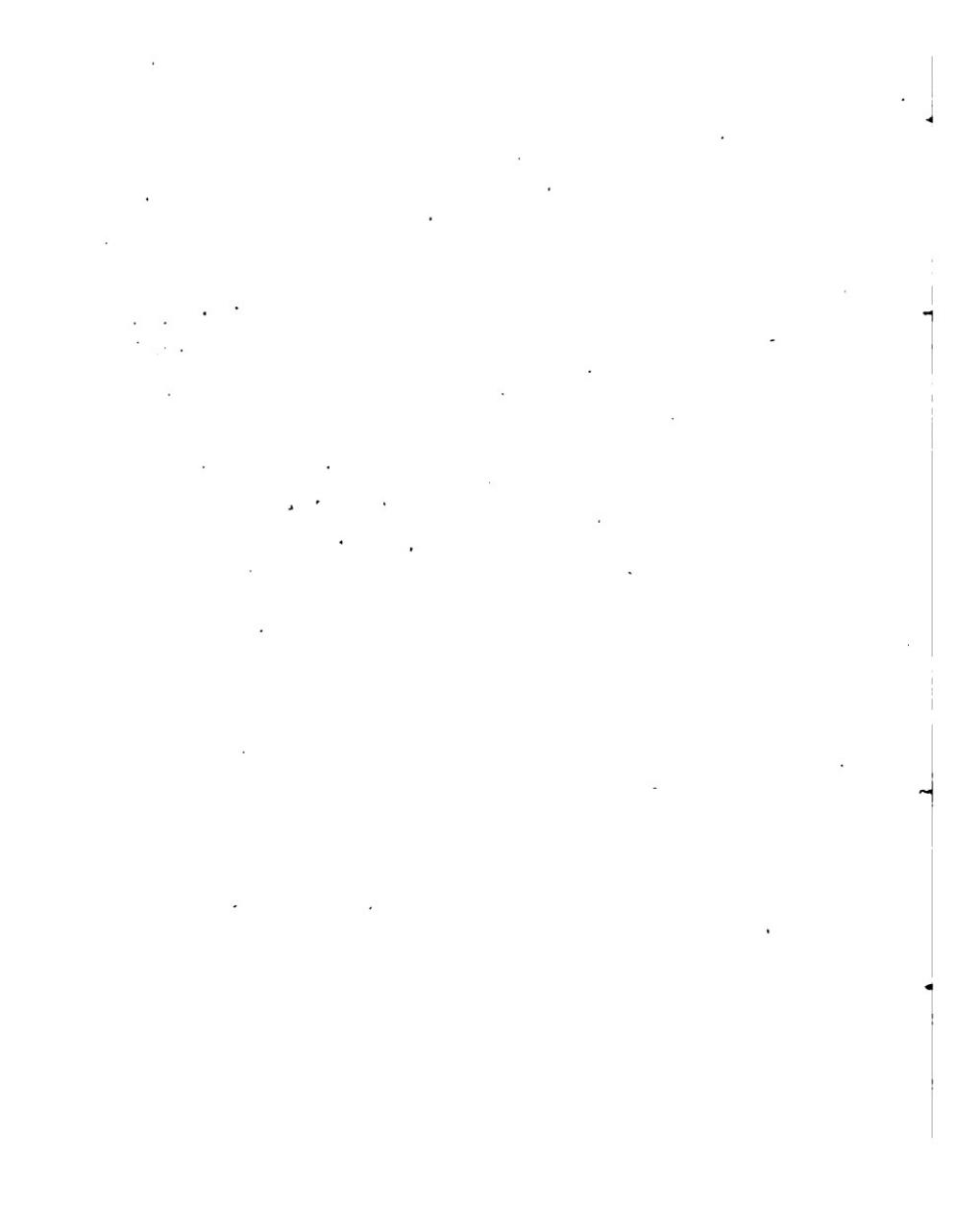
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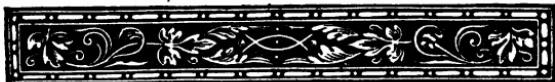
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TRANSLATIONS.

B





All for Love.

WHEN of glory you speak
I then bitterly smile ;
The same voice you believe
Is to me full of guile.

Glory quickly is dead,
Env'y's torch then will burn,
And assail e'en the grave,
Whence no voice may return.

All prosperity flies,—
Power sinks and is lost ;
But a little of love
Will console at less cost.

Then I ask for nought else
But with thee to rejoice ;
See in roses thy smile,
Hear in breezes thy voice.

I, who hide me alike
Both in joy and grief's hour,
Seek thy glance, O, my star !
Seek my breath, O, my flower !

'Neath thy roseate lids
A whole world may repose ;
I ask only that love
Thy dear eyes may disclose.

My best thoughts to the world
I'll no longer impart,
And seek only to fill,
To o'erflowing thy heart.

I care not that the crowd
Should not publish my fame,
If thy smile and thy tear
Remain ever the same.

When I see in my dreams
Famous poets arise,
Not to share in their glory
Would I break thy ties.

I would choose thy sweet song,
Which now lulls me to rest ;
And reject noisy fame,
Though the world deem it best.

Did my name brightly shine
In the heavens above,
I would fain stay on earth,
And surround thee with love.

Ah ! let me then love thee
In grief's gloomy night ;
For 'gainst sorrow's dark cloud
Earnest love shows most bright.

Is mirth in thine eyes ?
Then with thee I am glad ;
But my heart's wholly thine
When in tears thou art sad.

In an Ecstasy.

All alone by the shore,
Not a cloud in the sky ;
In a night full of stars
Without sail passing by ;

It seems then to my gaze,
Carried far beyond earth,
That the mountains, and woods,
And all nature, give birth

To a murmur confused,
While their questions arise
To the waves of the sea,
To the stars of the skies.

Then the legion of stars,
In a harmony sweet,
Bend low their bright crowns,
And with one voice repeat,

With the waves, that no power
Can control, but who sing,
Bowing down their foam crests,
'Tis "Our God and our King!"

June Nights.

IN Summer, when the Day hath fled,
 The flowerets still a perfume shed ;
 Though night's soft air our senses steep,
 Yet we ourselves are scarce asleep.

Faint tint of light doth fill the sky,
 Stars sweetly shine, dark clouds pass by ;
 Pale Morn but waits the hour of Day ;
 Dark Night hath wandered far away.

The Rose and Tomb.

“ SAY, flower of love, O blushing Rose,
 Wilt thou,” demands the Grave, “ disclose
 What use thou mak'st of tears that fall
 From Summer clouds on thee ?”

To which the Rose replies, “ O Grave !
 From thee nor power nor love can save,
 What use dost thou make of the spoil
 Into thy gulf that falls ?”

“ O gloomy Tomb ! those showers are made,
 Beneath the Summer clouds' brief shade,
 Into a perfume sweet.”
 “ And I, the Tomb, returned can bring
 A beauteous from a loathsome thing,
 E'en angels from the Grave.”

Change.

DOTH the Spring excite thy wonder ?
Marvel you to see
How the leaves, in fresh green beauty,
Burst from each dead tree ?

Wonder more, my well-beloved,
That my soul, so stern,
Back to life and its allurements
At thy sigh doth turn.

Ask me rather—how it chances,
I, who was so grave,
Sudden waking up to pleasure,
Verses to thee gave ?

Thus a tide belongs to all things
That we know of here ;
So the darkest night is followed
By a moonlight clear.

Rough trees need the gloomy weather,
Flowers want Summer mild—
So my heart, to chase its sadness,
Needs thy smile, my child.

Thus all nature, after Winter,
Joyfully doth sing,—
“ Yesterday was gloom and sadness,
But, to-day, is Spring.”

The Mother.

SEE a lovely Mother sitting
With her children dear,
More like to an elder sister
Doth she now appear ;
Save that, as their games she watches,
Anxious fears arise,
As now, to forecast their future,
Love maternal tries.

From her pure and childlike nature
A clear light doth beam,
Making e'en her daily labor
Like a poem seem.
When her children, round her playing,
Meet her loving eye,
Sweetly rings their merry laughter,
Hushed is ev'ry cry.

Always doth she linger near them,
A close watch to keep,
When the sweet low wind of Summer
O'er the brooks doth sweep ;
Or when Winter's gloomy season
Draws them round the fire,
Still to give them joy and pleasure
Seems her sole desire.

If a passing beggar covet
Her babe's silver toy,
There the Mother is to give it,
As an alms, with joy;
Happy that her little infant
Prove an angel kind,
Knowing well that all he needeth
In her smile he'll find.

So when I, my children, see you
Happy when I'm near,
Then my heart goes forth towards you,
Like a Mother dear :
Then I feel the waves of fancy
Raise my soul in dreams,
While your future, to my vision,
All uncovered seems.

Song.

THE rose awakes ! the morning hour
With a new life doth touch the flower;
Wake, then, my sweet, for now the morn
To light and love again is born.
List, my darling,
For I bring
True love, weeping
As I sing.

Aurora now to thee doth say,
"Awake, awake, I am the day ;"
The bird doth sing in heaven above,
My heart now cries, "I am thy love."
List, my darling,
For I bring
True love, weeping
While I sing.

God doth to me thy being give,
And, made by thee complete, I live ;
Thy beauty loving more and more,
I now thy angel-soul adore.
List, my darling,
For I bring
True love, weeping
As I sing.

TU —.

DARLING, were I but king I would resign
Throne, sceptre, people, all to call thee mine;
My crown of gold, my fleet that fills the sea—
These would give for but one look from thee.

Were I a god, I'd give the earth, the air,
Angels, or demons crouching in despair,
Chaos profound, space, heaven, worlds of bliss—
All would I give, love, for a single kiss.

Hope in God.

HOPEN, my child, to-morrow and to-morrow,
Have faith in what the future hath in store;
Rise with the dawn, courage in prayer to borrow,
And God adore.

May be, if on our knees we stay confessing
Our sorrow-causing sins in earnest prayer,
God, after giving all beside His blessing,
Will for us care.

The Apostle.

"**W**HENCE go'st thou, Paul?" "I go to save
The world by law of love."
"Rest here awhile, Apostle, stay,
Worn as thou art, a single day."
"No, no, I go the world to save,
This law of love Himself God gave."

"Where go'st thou, Paul?" "I preach to men
Justice, and love, and peace,"
"Seek them with us, and with us learn
From beauty bright or study stern."
"No, no, I'll not from preaching cease,
Justice, and brotherhood, and peace."

"Where go'st thou, Paul?" "I go to lead
Men's souls to worlds above."
"By fame alone can Heaven be won—
As poet be thy fame begun."
"No, no, to men I still would show
The road to Heaven from earth below."

"Where go'st thou, Paul?" "I go amidst
The fields that God doth bless."
"Fear then the robber of the hills,
The beast whose howls the forest fills."
"No, no, I'll seek, in field and wood,
The God who is to nature good."

“ Where go’st thou, Paul ? ” “ I seek the towns
From vice to cleanse all hearts.”
“ Fear of vile passions the fierce pride
The laughter with which men deride.”
“ No, no, I go to cleanse men’s hearts
And seek in towns the darkest parts.”

“ Where go’st thou, Paul ? ” “ I go to aid
The poor and dry each tear.”
“ Fear then the rich that thou dost brave,
Fear e’en the poor that thou wouldest save.”
“ No, no, I go to dry each tear,
To tell the poor that God is near.”

“ Where go’st thou, Paul ? ” “ I go to seek
My friends from shore to shore.”
“ What ! will not even growing age
Check thy bold spirit’s burning rage ? ”
“ No, no, I go from shore to shore
My trembling friends to cheer once more.”

“ Where go’st thou, Paul ? ” “ I go to brave
All who the poor oppress.”
“ Fear those who will the priest invoke
To punish what thy tongue hath spoke.”
“ No, no, I go to brave the great,
Who on the poor lay heavy weight.”

“ Where go’st thou, Paul ? ” “ I go to preach
To rulers great my faith.”
“ With cunning art thy words disguise
Lest ’gainst thy creed their anger rise.”
“ No, no, I openly will preach
And rulers great my faith will teach.”

" Where go'st thou, Paul?" " I go to lay
My head upon the block."
" Say but one word and safety's thine
And with new honours thou shalt shine."
" No, no, I will the scaffold dare,
Certain my God will meet me there."

" Where go'st thou, Paul?" " I go to rest
With angels and with God."
" Thy bright example we confess
Hath made us now thy mem'ry bless."
" Yes, yes, God now will give me rest
And with the angels I am blest."

The River.

"**W**HERE flow'st thou, gentle river?"
"From 'neath these hanging rocks,
I go to make the meadows
Give food to feed the flocks."

"Say, then, where pressing onward
Thy limpid waters flow?"
"Men's barns to fill with plenty
Right willingly I go;

"And, long before my waters
Are parted by ship's keel,
I share the miller's labours,
And strongly turn the wheel."

"Speak, now, O lovely river,
Of evenings we have seen,
When on thy waves was rocking
My Goddess and my Queen.

"Of what account thy efforts,
By meadow or by mill,
If this divine creation
Would but enjoy thee still?

“Lend me thine echoes’ voices,
And, with a glad surprise
She’ll hear, amid thy murmurs,
My songs to her arise.

“Waste, then, no more thy labours
On coarser needs of earth,
But, with thy best endeavours,
To love and song give birth.”

Thus spake a love-struck Poet,
Roaming the fields abroad,
Forgetting, in his madness,
That Nature works for God !

The Wandering Jew.

“ SEE, Christian, see, the tempest brings
 In suffering to thy door,
 The wretch men call the Wandering Jew,
 Thy mercy to implore.
 Bowed down by years, I cannot share
 The calm delights of age ;
 The hope each day may prove earth’s last,
 Doth all my soul engage ;
 To wander on I still am bound,
 While yet the earth goes round and round.

“ For eighteen hundred dreary years,
 In tempests without cease,
 I’ve seen the fall of many States ;
 Alas, for Rome and Greece ;
 Evil I’ve seen most fruitful prove,
 While good but blossom gave ;
 Seen two new worlds succeed the old,
 Rising from ‘neath the wave ;
 To wander on I still am bound,
 While yet the earth goes round and round.

“ To all I love comes speedy death,
 Which God to *me* denies ;
 The tempest whirls me from the roof
 That listens to my cries.
 If I but stay to give an alms
 To any wretch forlorn,

Before my sympathy's expressed,
 I'm onward swiftly borne.
 To wander on I still am bound,
 While yet the earth goes round and round.

"I hear the Whirlwind's howling voice,
 If I one moment rest,
 To try if Nature's fields and woods
 Can soothe my troubled breast.
 Eternity is not too long
 To give me full relief,
 Will heaven then grant me of green shade
 Not e'en a moment brief?
 To wander on I still am bound,
 While yet the earth goes round and round.

"Sometimes when I young children see,
 My lost ones seem to rise;
 But loud the tempest growls if I
 With them delight mine eyes.
 Ye who'd buy life at any price,
 Think how I surely must,
 In my long, weary, sad career,
 Tread on my children's dust.
 To wander on I still am bound,
 While yet the earth goes round and round.

"I seek the house where I was born,
 All trace of it is gone;
 And when I try to stop and look,
 The tempest cries 'Go on.'
 And then a mocking voice doth say,
 'No place is kept for thee
 Within thy father's tomb, but where
 Thou fall'st thy tomb shall be.'
 To wander on I still am bound,
 While yet the earth goes round and round.

"The suffering God made man I mocked,
With an inhuman scoff ;—
More now I may not stay to tell,
The tempest bears me off.
But warning take all you who lack
A charity divine,
For mocking Christ's *humanity*,
This punishment is mine,
To wander on I still am bound,
While yet the earth goes round and round."

My Vocation.

CAST forth on this earth
Without beauty or wealth ;
Crushed down by the crowd
Who strive only for self ;
Still a work I've to do,
Though it seem a small thing,
God has taught me my work
Is to sing,—still to sing.

Of rich and of great
I am under the ban,
No shelter I find
From the harshness of man ;
None look on me kindly
From peasant to king,
Yet I still do the work
God has set me—and sing.

Of liberty fond,
From my heart hating work,
In great want of bread
I still labour would shirk ;
And, though hunger so sharp
Is a terrible thing,
I must still do the work
God has set me—and sing.

In youth love was mine,
But in age it is fled,
To beauty itself
I am cold, now, and dead ;
But, though beauty, like love,
Is to me a past thing,
I must still do the work
God has taught me—and sing.

My task is to sing
While on earth my life's cast,
Men, charmed with my voice,
Will they love me at last ?
When to wine and to song
They their homage would bring,
I must still do the work
God has taught me—and sing.

Chacum son Gout.

TO be twenty again—
 Ah! what would I not dare,
 I'd give gold of Rothschild,
 Or fame of Voltaire.
 But with me in this
 Not e'en authors will hold,
 Since they boldly avow
 They're for gold, all for gold ;
 And many I know
 Who will loudly declare,
 That for gold they'd relinquish
 Fame, youth, and Voltaire.

My Contemporary.

LOVE will not hear you call
 Your age and mine the same,
 But I believe that for our lives
 The Fates new plans did frame.
 To you belong the Springs of life,
 Its Summers, too, are thine,
 While now the Autumn's chilling blasts
 And Winter's frost are mine.

The Tiny Fay.

ONCE on a time a Fairy lived,
A tiny, tiny elf,
But of a goodness truly great,
Without a thought of self;
She, with her wand, could all command,
Her name they tell us was Urgande.
Ah ! Fairy good, we pray thee say
Where we may find thy wand to-day.

She in a shell of sapphire rode,
Which butterflies did draw ;
All gentle blessings she did shed,
While earth enjoyed her law;
The harvests were her special care,
The grapes were of a sweetness rare.
Ah ! Fairy good, we pray thee say
Where we may find thy wand to-day.

Godmother was she to a King,
His ministers she made ;
People submitted to their laws,
And to them rev'rence paid ;
They drove the wolves far from the sheep,
While still their crooks the shepherds keep.
Ah ! Fairy good, we pray thee say
Where we may find thy wand to-day ?

The Judges 'neath this powerful King,
Paid homage to this Fay ;
Under their rule the innocent
Had cause to bless her sway ;
And e'en the guilty, when they knelt,
The sweetness of her mercy felt.
Ah ! Fairy good, we pray thee say
Where we may find thy wand to-day ?

Now, with this wonder-working wand
She touched her godson's crown,
His people's love for him grew such,
They would their lives lay down ;
Did any foe their land invade,
He quickly to retreat was made.
Ah ! Fairy good, we pray thee say
Where we may find thy wand to-day ?

Alas ! into another sphere
Good Urgande is retired,
Thongh better off than most, our State
Leaves much to be desired ;
While in America all's wrong,
And Asia's given to the strong.
Ah ! Fairy good, we grieve to say
Thy wand was broken ere our day.

To Pepa.

WHEN the night is come, Pepita,
When you go to bed,
When your mother's kiss is given,
When your prayer is said,

When the dark still hours are round you
Ere you go to sleep,
When, without your little cap on,
'Neath the bed you peep,

When, within thy home, the others
In deep slumber sink,
Tell me, Pepa—say, my darling—
Of what 'tis you think ?

Do you of the book you're reading
Try to guess the end ?
Or indulge bright hopes that morning
To the winds will send ?

May be you see mountains fearful
That a mouse forth bring,
May be you think of a husband,
Bon-bons, or a ring.

Dost thou think of tender secrets
Someone told to thee ?
Think of dress, or think of nothing,
May be—think of me ?

Remember me.

"REMEMBER me, when timid Morn
 Doth ope' the gates of Day ;
 Remember me, when the pale Night
 In dreams doth pass away ;
 When thy heart high with pleasure beat,
 Or, if thou pensive be,
 The song of birds, the sound of trees,
 Shall cry, 'Remember me.'

"Remember me, when cruel Fate
 Shall bear me far from thee ;
 When thy loss wrings my heart with grief,
 Ah ! then remember me.
 Absence and time destroy not love ;
 My love no change can see ;
 Doubt not that while I live, my heart
 Will cry, 'Remember me.'

"Remember me, when one sweet flower
 Above my grave doth grow ;
 When my poor weary broken heart
 At last deep rest shall know.
 My soul will wander back to thee,
 Like some sweet sister dear,
 And, in the voices of the Night,
 'Remember me', thou'l hear."

The German Rhine.

In answer to a German National Song—written by Becher.

WE have had your German Rhine,
Will a song, e'en if well said,
E'er wipe out the fact that we
Trampled on your warriors dead ?

We have had your German Rhine
Since, across its waters green,
Conde's host triumphant past.—
Child may go where sire has been.

We have had your German Rhine,
What could all your prowess do
'Gainst our Cæsar's powers sublime ?
Where your lost bones may we view.

We have had your German Rhine,
If yourselves the fact forget,
Surely by your daughters fair
We are well remembered yet.

If it be your German Rhine,
Use it now to wash away
All the bloody stains that show
You were once the Eagle's prey.

Let it rest, your German Rhine,
Show your churches in its waves ;
Fear thou lest thy drunken boast
Stir thy warriors in their graves.

Adieu.

[A. DE MUSSET.]

A DIEU ! I shall see thee no more,
 God doth will that this hour we must part,
 The moment thou quittest the shore
 Shows me first how beloved thou art.

I give thee nor tear nor regret,
 With a smile I will see thee set sail ;
 My future must boldly be met,
 Thy departure I will not bewail.

Hope cheers thee, and bears thee away,
 And in pride thou wilt doubtless return,
 Thy friends, who behind thee must stay,
 Will ere long thy indifference learn.

Adieu ! I have had a sweet dream,
 I've indulged a delirium wild,
 A star shines above, whose bright beam
 Hath for long time thy fancy beguiled.

One day, it may be, you will know
 How to value the heart of a friend ;
 Prove the anguish of seeing love go,
 Feel what rapture its presence doth lend.

A Conflict.

[RACINE.]

MY God ! what cruel war
There doth within me rage !
In me two men exist,
Who now fierce battle wage :
The one doth strive to make
Me traitor to Thy cause—
The other, wills I love
And keep Thy Holy Laws.

While one doth drag me down
By his accursed weight,
To this vile earth, and there
Would make me fix my state,—
The other, all things here
Would have me nothing count,
But that my hopes and fears
Always to heaven should mount.

Alas ! this fatal war
Does all my strength subdue :
The evil that I hate,
Against my will I do ;
I *would* do righteous acts,
The truth I bless and love,
But, through this inward strife,
My will doth powerless prove.

Ah ! help me, Grace divine,
To conquer this my foe !
May I Thy sacred Law
Now *do* as well as *know*.
Grant me thy love divine,
That peace my soul may fill,
And make this slave of death
The servant of Thy will.

To Night.

[MADAME DE GIRARDIN, NÉE DELPHINE GAY,
1804.]

IN night's hour a veil doth fall
O'er the cares of day,
My heart opens like a flower
To the stars' pale ray.

Thou, O still and tranquil night !
Thou alone canst see
If the world's blind judgment, e'er
Should win faith from me.

My life's secret well you know,
Though I'm bravely gay ;
Know that by a deep despair
I am crushed alway.

With *thee* only can I find
From pretence relief ;
With thee suffer, live, and love,
Not laugh in my grief.

No more garlands, red or white,
My pale brow deride ;
My head droops, and, lifeless now,
Sinks to earth my pride.

Slowly through my fingers weak
The sad tears now course,
As, from springs to us unknown,
Streams their way do force.

After long days of constraint,
After folly vain,
Sweet it is to grieve unwatched,
And, unheard, complain.

Ah, yes ! 'tis a bitter joy,
As a willing prey,
Deep in sorrow's waves to dip
And permit their sway.

Checking thus each falling tear
By a heartfelt sob ;
Thus unarmed from gaunt despair
His last spoil to rob.

For a grief indulged in full
Leaves a sense of rest ;
We, belonging less to earth,
Are by fancy blest.

Upward borne on wings of night,
Shall my spirit move,
Floating, as a cloud o'er earth,
Through vast space I rove.

Taking thus my lonely flight,
Freed by death I seem,
Leaving not a name on earth,
Without check I dream.

Like a butterfly on wing
The soul seeks her flower ;
Earth's laws, chains, and griefs all seem
Lost in this sweet hour.

Now my soul, no more oppressed
'Neath false yoke of earth;
Turns to Nature as a slave
To his land of birth.

O Night ! gloomy and yet bright,
All in thee I find,
Thy mysterious beauty hath
Star and cloud combined.

But e'en now a chilling blast
Heralds Morn's first ray,
Back to falsehood must I turn,
For, behold the day.

Reason and Love.

[H. DE LAMOTTE, 1672.]

“LOVE sweet Phillis, now I pray,”
 Reason said to me one day;
 “In her early Spring-time fair,
 Sure none can with her compare.

“As the bloom on rose at morn,
 Are the tints her cheeks adorn;
 While her steps, with easy grace,
 Match the beauty of her face.

“Holding *me* as greatest prize,
 See her skill so high doth rise,
 That her wit, however gay,
 Throws not off fair Reason’s sway.

“When she loves she’ll faithful be,
That, at least, I promise thee;
 And her soul doth shine most fair,
 Heaven’s choicest gifts are there.”

Reason thus of Phillis sung,
 Praised long,—but, ere he’d done,
 “Love fair Julia,” Love did cry,
 And I loved,—I know not why.

Partant pour la Syrie.

[LA REINE HORTENSE.]

JUST off to Syria,
 He, the young Dunois,
Came to pray Queen Mary
 Bless him in the war;
“Grant, O Queen, immortal!”
 Such his parting prayer,
“Grant I prove the bravest,
 And my love most fair.”

Honour’s oath he graveth
 On a stone with might,
Then the Count his master
 Followed to the fight;
Crying, nobly fighting
 His sworn vow to save,
“Love to the most lovely,
 Honour to the brave!”

“Through thee I have conquered
Dunois,” said his Lord,
“Thou hast made my glory,
 This be thy reward—
Of my only daughter,
 Thou shalt husband be,
Thou’rt the bravest soldier,
 Loveliest maiden she.”

See, at Mary's altar
Two are now made one,
In love's sweetest union,
Which gives joy alone ;
All within the chapel
Thus their blessing gave,
“ Love to the most lovely,
Honour to the brave.”

Happiness.

[VOLTAIRE.]

I BOAST not in this shelter to have found
A happiness supreme ;
In quiet depth of wood we find it not,
Less often still with kings ;
Not even with the wise doth it find home,
It lives not in this life ;
Yet, though its substance I must now resign,
Its image I may clasp, and call it mine.

Epitaph.

[PARNY, 1753.]

HERE lies one who ever doubted
All in Heaven or Earth ;
Doubted of a God th' existence,
Doubted his own birth ;
Yesterday of life quite weary
He's laid on the bier,
Gone, to learn in other regions
All he doubted here.

Prayer for a Child.

[AMABLE TASTU.]

FATHER of Heaven ! Father of the Earth !
 Thou dost o'er little children cast Thy care ;
 Thou wouldest Thy love in us should now give birth
 To answering love and to a trusting prayer
 To Thee for all we need.

Thou dost give all,—our daily life and light,
 The corn for bread to serve,—the flowers so sweet,
 Mother, and father, brothers, sisters bright,
 And what have we to render offering meet
 But this our earnest prayer.

Father of Heaven ! bless, ah bless, my youth,
 For parents dear and for myself I pray ;
 May I Thy wisdom love, and seek Thy truth,
 That they may happy be, and I alway
 Blest in their love and Thine.

Lines.

[DE BONNARD, 1744.]

"LEAVE me now and tease no more,
Or Sir, tell me this,
Would a real Lover care
For a stolen kiss?
No ! the kiss the loved one gives,
Is the kiss on which Love lives."

"For whom then are kisses meant,
Who their value feels
Deeper than thy Lover true
Who thy kiss now steals?
Let me steal them then I pray,
Thou shalt take them back alway."

Epigram,

[LA MORMOYE, 1770.]

YOU speak but ill of me,
I speak but good of you ;
Yet who that hears us both
Thinks either says what's true.

Epigram.

[LE BRUN.]

S^COIFFING at miracles divine,
 The doubting Francis stood ;
 Telling him mule or ass did speak
 Was not one bit of good,—
 “What,” cries the worthy Fontenai,
 “Dare you dispute the Book ?
 It happened just as it is said,
 That I can swear,—for look,
 The Ass of Balaam, don’t you see,
 Spoke, just as now *I speak to thee.*”

Epigram.

[CHAULIEU, 1713.]

N^O old times about our Court
 Men laughed loud at joke and sport
 But to-day ‘tis not permit,
 To indulge a harmless wit
 It were well if folks so grand,
 Who a joke can’t understand,
 Stood not so in *need* of chaff,
 Or, feared less an honest laugh.

To a Pretty Woman who was
Deformed.

[LE BRUN, 1729.]

LISTEN, Chloë, to a friend,
To his words attention lend ;
If a Lover thou dost find,
Never let him walk behind.

Lines to a Plain and Silly
Woman.

[LE BRUN, 1729.]

Celia, being very plain,
In her mirror looks with pain ;
For the glass the truth doth teach her,
And reflects each ugly feature.

Ah ! alas ! why can't we find
Mirrors also for the mind.
Celia, though she's far from witty,
Still will talk,—and more's the pity.

Inconstancy.

[CHAULIEU, 1713.]

AH! think not that another love
 Can e'er my heart subdue;
 The last time I could faithless prove
 Was when I first saw you.

An Injudicious Question.

[LEONARD, 1744.]

I SAID to my darling one day,
 G Before I had made her my wife,
 "To how many others, I pray,
 Have you vowed to be faithful for life?"

I shuddered to see her begin
 The sum on her fingers to count,
 "Stay," redd'ning, I cried, "'Tis a sin
 That the list to so many should mount."

Soon Celia my torment discovers,
 "Hush a moment," she said, "my dear lad,
 Before counting up *my* old lovers,
 I'll reckon how many *you've* had!"

Epitaph on a Dog.

[GENTIL BERNARD, 1710.]

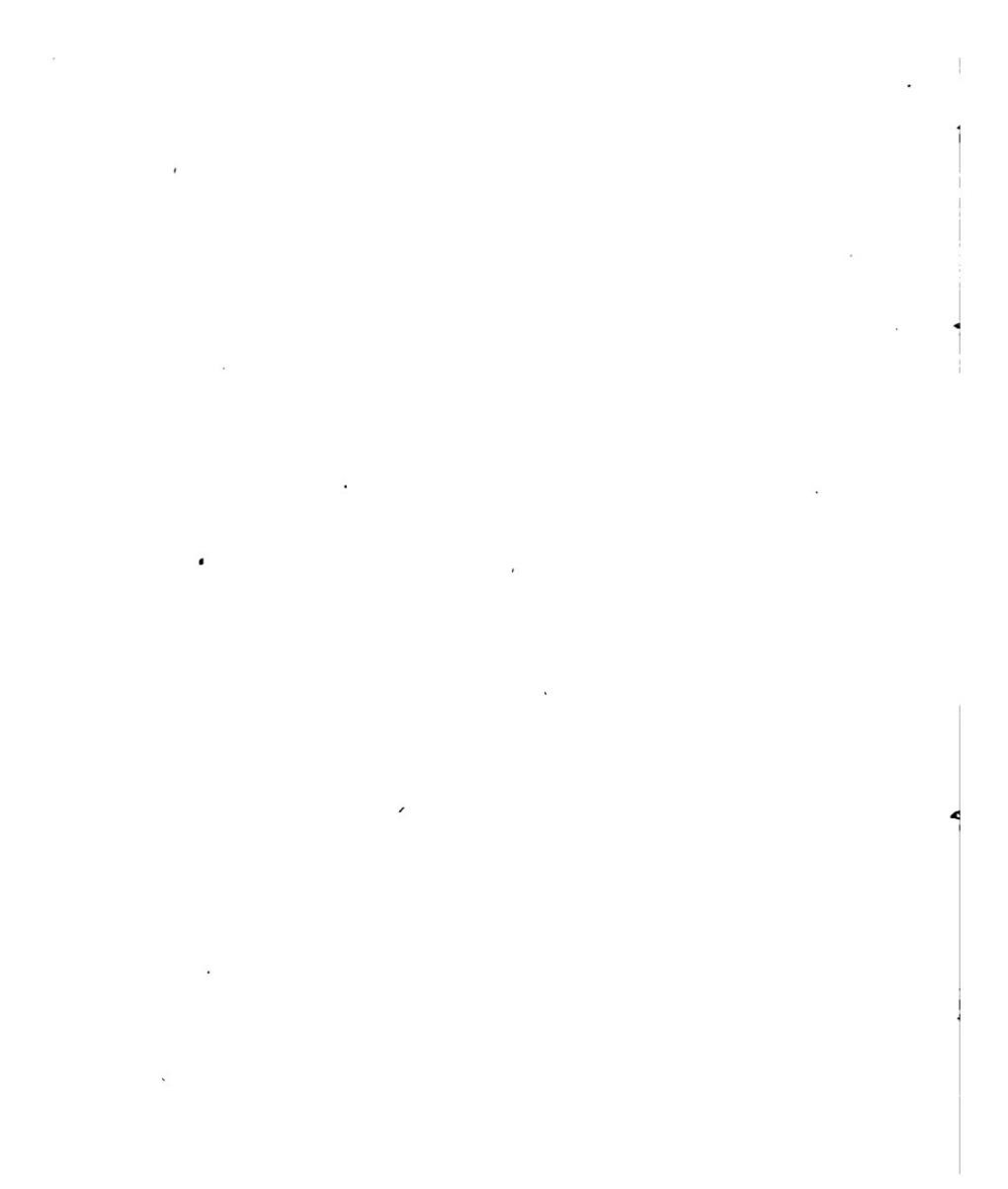
I BARKED loud 'gainst the world,
 G To my master was true,
 My love for him great,
 Since none other I knew ;
 I had for my conduct
 A brilliant example—
 My mistress' love
 To mine served as sample.

No More.

[MADAME A. TASTU, 1795.]

O World ! O Life ! O Time ! O Shadows vain !
 That to the last my weary steps attend ;
 Say, will the days when ye were each my friend,
 With hands so full of blessing, come again ?
 No, never more !

My tears would e'en the light of day destroy,
 The charms of Night unheeded are by me,
 Day, Night, Spring, Winter, whatsoe'er may be,
 My heart may throb with pain, alas ! with joy,
 No, never more !





ORIGINAL VERSES.

Tell me Thy Name.

MAKE us to know Thy Name !
Grant in Thy Name that we
May glimpses of Thy Nature gain
And Thy perfections see.

We worship Thee as God,
The God to Abram known,
In that dread Name of Power and Might
Thy Majesty we own.

Our God and Mighty Chief,
On whom we may rely,
Our Castle, Fortress, and Defence,
Our guide to victory.

E'en without Abram's light
Those who but own a *fate*,
Give utterance to a world-known cry,
Telling us "God is great."

Now once again we hear
Thy sacred glorious Name,
Th' invisible Jehovah Thou,
Who ever art the same.

The great Eternal Lord
Known first to Israel's race,
That race on whom, by man unseen,
Thou deign'st to turn Thy face.

The Righteous and the True,
The Holy and the Pure,
The punisher of sin,—The God
Whose mercies still endure.

Yet did man's nature crave
A clearer, fuller light,
Which, in Thine own appointed time,
Did burst upon our sight.

Then first was Abram's God,
Who David's songs did move,
Known to the Gentiles by the word
Proclaiming "God is Love."

Love, seen in Christ Thy Son,
Shown in each word and look;
Love manifest, when He became
Man, and our nature took.

Say then, our God and King,
How can we best address
Thy Majesty, Thy Purity,
Trusting that Thou wilt bless?

What name unites us here
With Thy great Love Divine?
What is that word in which we may
Proclaim "That love is mine?"

One Name alone there is,
To men, not angels, given,
"Our Father," sinful ones may cry
And make on Earth a Heaven.

Our sonship now we claim,
Our fealty we avow,
Be Thou our Strength, our Hope, our Life,
Oh God, our Father, Thou.

Sorrow not without Hope.

NOT lost, but gone before,
Still in our Father's care,
Let this thought fill our souls
And save us from despair.

Let not distrustful fear,
Now make us faithless prove,
Decem not our fondest care
Could e'er exceed God's love.

Check not the pious prayer,
That from thine heart doth rise
For those, on earth so dear,
Now passed beyond the skies.

Who knows where now they wait,
In what far distant star ;
Or, if a thought of us
Doth draw them from afar,

Bringing them near us yet
Though unperceived by sense,
We feel for them in vain,
Hindered by vision dense.

Can those who loved us here
Hereafter careless prove?
Or can death make them now
Forgetful of our love?

No—for the love they gave
Was their *immortal* part;
God only could have poured
That love into man's heart.

Affection, strong and pure,
Can never, never die;
E'en death doth not destroy
Its immortality!

We shall behold them yet,
Purged from the dross of sin,
When, through the gate of death,
Our new life shall begin.

Oh, let us strive to keep
Their mem'ry fresh and green,
Not drive them from our thoughts
In life's vain changeful scene.

Surely if grief *be* felt
By souls from earth released,
They feel it when they know
Our thought of them hath ceased.

Rather let us now strive
To train our souls to love,
All that in them we trust
Is perfecting above ;

That when we meet again,
Beyond earth's furthest shore,
We still may converse hold,
And love on more and more.

Divine Trust.

WHAT makes Thee, Lord, have strength to bear
The burden of Thy weight of care ?
How canst Thou little children greet,
Or at the marriage take Thy seat ?

Better than Prophet, Thou canst see
That grief, and sin, and misery
Are all men's portion here below,
That this Thine earth is full of woe.

That through dark ages yet to come,
Thy love will never find a home
Within the sinner's guilty breast,
Yet Thou in trusting love doth rest.

Before the terrors of the law,
Which by a partial light he saw,
The Baptist far from men did fly,
Uttering loud his warning cry.

But *Thou* didst mingle with the mass,
And eat and drank with ev'ry class ;
Though more than Baptist *Thou* didst know
Thy Father's wrath and sinners' woe.

Yes, and the sinfulness of sin,
The *depth* of guilt that men were in,
When they Thy purity abhorred,
And crucified their God and Lord.

Because thou knowst thy Father's care,
'Tis, therefore, Thou didst not despair ;
Thy trust in His Almighty love
Doth hold Thee slavish fear above.

Not sparrows can unnumbered fall,
By Him, who Father is of all,
Will He for ever then degrade
Men, who were in His image made ?

Thou knowst He will not, but that love
Will over all triumphant prove,
So that beneath Thy feet at last
All sin and evil shall be cast.

Let us not think that Thou dost now
Evil, and crime, and guiltallow,
That good may shine with brighter light,
By contrast with sin's blackest night.*

* See letter in *Spectator*, Jan. 17th, 1870, quoting a Sermon preached at St. Barnabas, London.—"God put sinners into the world as dark shades are put into a picture, to act as a contrast to the brighter colours."

Nor let us "stand aghast" if we,
By Thy bright trust, are led to see,
That, in dim ages yet to come,
God will bring *all* His wanderers home.

As at the marriage feast the wine
From water came at word of Thine,
So now to wine life's water turn,
Causing our souls with love to burn.

Unlike the world which doth at first
Give its false wine to quench our thirst,
Leaving us heated soon and cloyed,
When now its draught is scarce enjoyed,

Thou Thy good wine dost keep, and still
With it our fainting souls wilt fill,
Till we, who here its virtue knew,
Shall in Thy Kingdom drink it new.

“Dominus Illuminatio Mea.”

O CHRIST, the Life and Light of men,
Grant us Thy light to *use* ;
And may we never, through dead sloth,
That quickening life abuse.

Teach us to *test* the words we hear,
To *prove* our teachers true ;
To use the reason Thou dost give
As Thou wouldest have us do.

May no blind faith in Pope or Priest
Make us shut out *Thy* light,
Lest trusting to an earthly guide
We grope in darkest night.

May we not fear the brightest rays
Enlightened reason throws
On all the dogmas Churches teach,
Or failings they disclose.

Teach us to read Thy written Word
With understanding mind,
And by the light which Thou dost give
Its hidden truths to find.

Not shutting out Thy Spirit's voice,
Fearing to prove untrue
Errors, for ages taught for truths,
Or, find truths *seeming* new.

Make us remember Light is Thine,
Thou dost illumine *all* ;
No mind so dark, no soul so base,
But there Thy Light doth fall.

And if dark clouds are round us yet,
And broken are the rays,
That Thou, the "Sun of Righteousness"
Dost shed about our ways,—

We yet will hope for clearer skies
And an unclouded sun,
If we but cherish reason's light,
And self-made darkness shun.

Grant us then, Lord, Thy light to seek,
Thy Spirit to adore ;
And, in Thy never-failing Truth,
To trust for evermore.

*"There is mercy with Thee, therefore Thou shalt
be feared."*

PSALM CXXX. 4. PRAYER BOOK VERSION.

TRUST in thy Father's love,
Not only dread His power ;
That very power is used to bless
And shield thee ev'ry hour.

Let us not think our God
Like gods the heathen feared—
Almighty beings, whose dread wrath
In judgments fierce appeared.

His children's faults God sees,
His children's sins doth hate ;
Yet still for *them* His love doth burn,
Still doth His mercy wait.

His wrath a fire doth burn,
Unquenchable and strong,
'Gainst sin and evil everywhere,
Nor will He suffer wrong.

But when, purged by His fire,
The sinner is made pure,
It is God's love hath cleansed that soul,
His love doth still endure.

Bow to His chastening rod,
He but afflicts in love ;
Not *punishment*, but *chastisement*,
He sends us from above.

Not now, nor after death,
Will He vindictive prove ;
But always what His judgments work
Is sanctioned by His love.

Christ, the Incarnate Word,
Hath God to us revealed,
And, in the Gospel's light, we see
Truths by the law concealed.

Not that to seers of old
Was hid His mercy's way ;
For Christ enlightened every man,
And "Abraham saw His day."

But, in our later times,
A clearer light hath shone,
And by the Word, in every man,
Both Jew and Greek are one :

One to adore our Lord ;
One to receive our King ;
One now His mercy and His truth,
Together met to sing.

Hymn.

FOR FEBRUARY 27TH, 1872.

To God the Lord of Life
 Our praises let us raise,
 Who in His mercy and His Love
 Doth lengthen out our days.

Who hath our England's hope
 E'en from the grave restored,
 And spared us from the dreaded stroke
 Of His afflicting sword.

From all our wide-spread race,
 From ev'ry creed and faith,
 Arose at once a mighty prayer,
 "Lord save our Prince from death."

Oh, spare our much tried Queen
 Another crushing blow,
 Grant that our Prince's fair young wife
 No widow's grief may know ;

"Spare to his children dear
 A father's tender care,
 And, for a long and useful life,
 Him to his people spare."

The God "that hearest prayer"
Hath answered now the cries,
That, with one voice from high and low
Did to His throne arise.

All praise to God be given
On this our Festal Day,
Who in His never-changing love
Didst hear His people pray.

We, with our Prince and Queen,
Now laud and bless His name,
Who Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For ever is the same.

A Voice to Missioners.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

"Accordingly he (Fulke de Bréauté) went to the Abbot and his brethren, in great humiliation, entreating for pardon, which was granted him, on his submitting to be whipped by every one of them. "But," says the Chronicler, "he did not restore any of the property he had seized, or make any reparation to the poor followers of Christ for the injury he had done them."—See "Lectures on the History of England," by W. Longman.

WHAT is this life eternal
Now offered by the priest,
To those whose acts infernal
From Heaven could claim the least ?

Is it then life for any,
In true life's higher sense,
To trample on the many,
Or live at their expense ?

Can we in vile self-seeking
Our blessedness secure ?
Is not God judgment keeping
For those who spoil the poor ?

Nor to the poor man solely
Do we atonement owe,
If we our lives would wholly
Amend, and righteous grow;

But, to all those we've cheated,
Or wronged by word or act,—
By us be justice meted,
Let us our ill retract.

We must do righteous actions,
If righteousness we love,
Not, split in different factions,
Seek highest place above.

Let us our books be burning*—
Like those Paul taught of old—
If thou from sin art turning,
Yield up thy guilt-stained gold.

Of what avail confession
Now whispered at a shrine,
If souls are held possession
By usury and crime?

Or what, if frantic kneeling
Man claim vicarious help,
And, trusting to mere feeling,
None try to aid himself?

* Acts xix. 19.

Shall we not rather hearken
To the still voice divine,
See, 'mid the mists that darken,
A God-lit brightness shine—

Telling us that in all men
A glorious light doth burn :
That He doth ever call men
From lies and fraud to turn.

Be this our daily mission,
Our one sure word of peace,
That this is sin's remission,
From wickedness to cease.

A Bachelor's Grief.

A FACT.

I MET a friend not long ago,
Whose looks deep grief expressed ;
I dared not ask his cause for woe,
But at it dimly guessed.

He had, I knew, nor wife, nor child,
Whose loss could leave him lorn ;
His aged Father's death, I felt,
Would be more lightly borne.

At last he said, while still I feared
With questions to annoy,
“ I feel as tender parents feel
When they have lost a boy.”

My notions more bewildered grew,
I felt as in a fog,
Until at length he stammered out,
“ I've lost—my little dog.”

Ilfracombe.

THERE'S a place whose charms
} All the worlds allow,
And within its arms
We are sheltered now.

All its beauties prize,
See for all there's room,
'Neath sweet Devon's skies,
This is—Ilfracombe.

Comrades, leave me here a little, while the sun is shining still,
Leave me, while I watch his setting, from our well-known Capstan
Hill.

'Tis the place, and all around it Ocean's wildest billows sweep,
While to gain the summit ever, old and young together creep.

Gain the summit! who would try it, while the wind so fiercely
blows,
That to reach it one must hazard loosened hair, and purpled nose.

Here about the beach I've wandered, in the early Autumn time,
While the place was not too crowded ere our Combe was in its
prime.

While the dull Spring-time behind me in the gloomy past reposed ;
While I clung unto the present planning much ere it should close.

While I gazed into the future, promises how great to see ;
Saw a vision of more strangers, and how gay our town would be.

In the Autumn is the harvest, after a long dreary rest ;
In the Autumn ev'ry native feathers well his winter nest.

In the Autumn town-tired strangers Devon's freshest breezes seek ;
In the Autumn those fresh breezes reddens many a pallid cheek.

Then his cheek was pale, and thinner than should be for one so young ;
And his eye was dull and listless, when he reached the town I've sung.

And I said, " My fellow student, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Don't you think this Ilfracombe is charming as a place can be ? "

On his pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and a light,
And he clapped me on the shoulder, and he swore that I was right.

Then he turned, now sudden stopping, gazing on the sea and sky,
Health and joy already beaming in his gay and laughing eye,—

" Saying, I have worked too hard, Tom ; and I'm sure its done
 me harm,
Had my mother seen me last week she had felt no small alarm.

" Banished be all tutors stern, who frown upon the sports of youth
E'en to *think* of books and college makes me ill, and that's the truth.

"Banished be all those who'd place us now 'neath any stringent
rule,
For to learn much more at present soon would render me a fool.

"Well 'tis well that I should bluster, for had she more lenient
proved,
I had loved my Alma Mater more than ever she was loved.

"What am I that I should cherish that which bears no grateful
fruit,
I shall soon a 'pluck' experience if my health I don't recruit."

In Memoriam.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ALL Nature mourns to-day her loving son,
Her faithful prophet, and her minstrel sweet ;
One who would e'en her rough and wayward moods
With rapture greet.

And Devon mourns him ! proudly calls her own
As true a knight as those she knew of yore ;
The worthies to whose fame, in burning words,
He witness bore.

The Church too mourns him as an honest Priest,
No party bigot, but a teacher rare ;
A man that, in these days of trial rude,
She ill can spare.

Alas the poor ! how must *they* mourn the loss
Of him they ever found a champion bold ;
Of one who all the world, with clearest voice,
Their wrongs hath told.

All England mourns his genial loving soul,
Which spread a wholesome atmosphere around
By mountain breezes, pure and fresh, that in
His books abound.

Too early called—our tearful voices say,
Too soon he gaineth from his labours rest—
Thus our bereavéd hearts now vainly cry—
 But God knows best.

He leaveth, with his friends, a mem'ry sweet ;
Hath gained all good men's praise and lasting fame ;
While those who knew him most, most deeply bless
 Charles Kingsley's name.

In the Cemetery at —

(VICTOR HUGO.)

The living crowd still their gay way pursue,
Now finding pleasure, now by sorrow met;
But the mute dead, gaze on me earnestly—
Dead, that the living all too soon forgot.

They know I am a solitary man,
A pensive wand'rer 'neath the trees' thick gloom;
A soul that finds, taught by its woes profound,
Grief on Life's threshold—peace within the Tomb.

They know when I, now thoughtful, bend me down,
With crosses, graves, and evergreens around,
They hear my step among the withered leaves,
See, when my thoughts in forest shades are found.

They know my voice, forth flowing to the world,
Better ye Living! than your brawling crew;
Hymns from my lyre, hid in my inmost soul,
To them are tears—are but as songs to you.

Nature is theirs! whom living men forget.
Within Death's garden, where we all shall rest,
Morn throws a calm, and more celestial glance,
Lilies appear more pure, birds warble best.

'Tis there I live ! gathering roses white,
Decking the tombs that long neglected lie ;
The dead content, when thus they hear my step,
Or branches moving as I pass them by.

'Tis there I dream ! roaming this sleeping field,
I see with my mind's eye, now open wide,
My soul, convey'd into a magic world,
Mysterious things can view on ev'ry side.

There, resting me upon a fallen stone,
I'm dazzled by bright rays of light and flowers ;
Gaze at, scarce see, faint colors and dim forms,
Or wand'ring beetles move 'mid shadow bowers.

Like a bright veil, between us and the earth,
There floats the dream that did my fancy please ;
All my ungrateful thoughts dissolve in prayer,
First breathed on foot—but finished on my knees.

Like the meek dove, seeking, amid the rocks,
Some drops of water fallen ere the morn,
In the Tomb's shade my thirsty soul would drink
Fresh draughts of Faith—while Hope and Love are born.

